

Mexico in October

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SOMETHING NEW IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

WHAT WE ARE

The Comité Norteamericano Pro México, A. C. (Committee of North Americans for Mexico, Civil Association), is a nonprofit organization of United States citizens, resident in Mexico, formed for the purpose of promoting better understanding between the peoples of our two countries and to benefit economically the Republic of Mexico.

The confusion, misunderstandings and unwarranted pessimism following the 1954 devaluation of the peso led to the organizational meeting in June of that year.

We North American residents and businessmen who formed this program, and who carry it out with voluntary work and monetary contributions, are motivated primarily by a sincere desire to help the country in which we live. We also realize that any successful efforts in strengthening the economy of Mexico will inevitably result in benefit to all concerned.

This is the first time we know of that an American business colony in a foreign land has organized to further understanding between the two countries. While accepting the vital importance of bettered relations between the Governments of our two countries, our effort is rather devoted to fostering opportunities for individuals to arrive at that solid base for friendship, actual knowledge and understanding of the people of Mexico.

We believe that, knowing both countries as we do, we are unusually well situated to explain convincingly Mexico's many advantages and attractions to other North Americans.

Further, we believe that a friendly, strong neighbor to the south is an indispensable asset to the United States.

WHAT WE DO

1. We are chiefly concerned with augmenting that great source of dollar income and that equally great source of acquaintanceship with Mexico which leads to sympathetic understanding — tourist trade. We encourage travel from the United States to Mexico by all proven public relations methods.

2. We give special recognition to public figures and others who have made significant contribution to understanding between the two countries.

3. We provide attention and assistance to groups of visitors so that they, in turn, will be enthusiastic goodwill ambassadors of Mexico when they return to the United States.

4. We work with and through other civic groups such as Rotary, Sales Executives Club, Chambers of Commerce, Lions Club, etc., to spread a persuasive invitation "Visit Mexico", to their Stateside chapters and clubs. With some of these groups we have developed a continuing series of Mexican Fiesta meetings in the United States, for which we provide Mexican movies, posters, menus with recipes and music.

5. We initiate and assist public relations activities that promote a knowledge of Mexico and its people among our fellow North Americans in the United States.

The prime necessity to our continuing success is the sympathetic understanding and financial support from our colleagues, the North American residents and the North American commercial and industrial interests in Mexico, that we may all work together toward growing goodwill, better business relations and greater friendship between the United States and Mexico.

COMITÉ NORTEAMERICANO PRO - MÉXICO

(Committee of U. S. Citizens for Mexico)

Atoles, 42 - 602

México, D. F.

Preview

WHAT TO SEE, WHERE TO GO IN OCTOBER

FIESTAS & SPECTACLES

Ciudad Delicias, Chihuahua, October 1-7.

Regional cotton fair; parades of decorated cars, bullfights, etc.



San Miguel Totolapan, Guerrero, October 1-8. Religious festival, parades, fireworks.

San Francisco, October 4. — Religious festivals in all parts of Mexico where there is a church named after St. Francis, especially in the Valle del Bravo, the State of Mexico, Tetcala, Morelos (where they perform *Moros, Tecuanes, Vaqueros* and *Pastorales* dances), and Salina Cruz.

Zapopan, Jalisco, October 4-5. — The tiny Virgin of Zapopan, a village just outside of Guadalajara, leaves her church every June to go visiting in the city. All summer she goes from church to church, staying in each only a few days. October 4 she comes home to Zapopan, where all Guadalajara turns out to welcome her with charro contests, bullfights, the dances of *La Conquista* and *Los Piteros*, and fireworks, of course.

Circus, in Mexico City, October 11. — Ringling Brothers Circus, "The Greatest Show on Earth," will be presented in Mexico for the first time after triumphs in Havana; 1,380 performers carrying on in 3 rings at once. At the National Auditorium on Paseo de la Reforma. For times and prices call 20-58-36.

Alvarado, Veracruz, October 17-24. — Down on the Caribbean coast there is a gay fair during the week of Oc-

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Sometime in October — *Porgy and Bess*, presented by the Howard University Company which has been touring Europe and the Far East with great success. Check dates and times with Bellas Artes.

October or later — Chinese Opera Company will arrive for short season. Check with Bellas Artes.

Tuesday 4 — Fiesta of St. Francis; religious festivals in all parts of Mexico which have a church named after the saint. See Fiesta listing. Also parties in the house of everyone named Francisco.

Monday 10 to 12 — In Oaxaca, in the neighborhood of the spectacular ruins of Mitla, and the huge ancient tree of Santa Maria del Tule, a 2-day festival in which Indian dancers play the principal role. The fiesta begins in Tlacolula, near Oaxaca City on the 10th, and moves to Santa Maria del Tule, the village where the real tree is, on the 12th. Both places are easily accessible from Oaxaca City. For people who have



made the trip to Oaxaca in the back of their minds, the interest of this fiesta and the crisp, pleasurable weather of Oaxaca at this time of year, make it very much worthwhile.

Wednesday 12 — Columbus Day — called *Dia de la Raza*, Day of the Race, in Mexico — is celebrated by official ceremonies at the Columbus statue in the capital, and also marks the opening of the racing season. See *Win, Place and Show* in this issue.

Sunday 16-23 — National Championship Rowing in the Xochimilco canals to choose the crew which will represent Mexico in the Olympics. See *Sports listing*.

Monday 24 — United Nations Day. School children parade with institutional banners.

PREVIEW

(Continued)

tober 17 in the seaside town of Alvarado.

Ciudad Guzmán, Jalisco, October 22-25.

The regional October Fair. Bullfights, serenades, *La Conquista*, *La América*, *Paistes* and *Sonajeros* dances, the last especially colorful.

ART

Many of Mexico City's considerable number of art galleries are showplaces in themselves, quite apart from the exhibits they feature. In exciting modern architecture on small scale, probably no building in the world rivals *El Eco* at Súllivan 43. Designed by Mathias Goeritz, this building now houses an art gallery as well as a restaurant and bar.

Casa del Arquitecto, at Veracruz 24, practices what architects preach, combines comfort (a pleasant restaurant-bar) with function. And the *Palacio de Bellas Artes*, at Juárez and San Juan de Letrán, houses Mexican art, from pre-Columbian to modern, in reconditioned galleries within a sprawling (and slowly sinking) Italian Renaissance marble palace.

Galería de Arte Contemporáneo, Amberes 12. Collective exhibition of works by Mexican painters. Open 11 am to 7:30 pm.

Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18. Exhibit of the Spanish painter Antonio Rodríguez Luna, who has lived in Mexico for the last 15 years. Reminiscent of the work of the Spanish masters, especially Goya. Much influenced by Daumier.

Galería El Eco, Sullivan 43. Oils and drawings by Henry Hagan.

Galería Mexicana, Ramón Alcázar 8. Permanent exhibit of paintings by Diego Rivera. Open 9 am to 8 pm.

Galería Proteo, Génova 34. Works by the brilliant young Mexican artists, Vladí, Cuevas, Gironella and Echeverría.

Galerías Excélsior, Reforma 18. Exhibit of the sculpture of César Azueta. Open 11 am to 9 pm. Closed Sundays.

Jardín del Arte, Parque Súllivan (behind the Monument to the Mother.) Sundays at 10 am, paintings by young artists of the National Institute for Mexican Youth.

Los Tlacuilos, Insurgentes and Pensilvania. Group exhibition of Mexican painters: oils, engravings, lithographs and drawings.

Palace of Fine Arts, Juárez and San Juan de Letrán. Pre-Columbian ceramics and sculpture; exhibit of Japanese art; exhibit of the glasswork of the Avalos Brothers in the old manner. Open 10 am to 5:30 pm. Closed Mondays.

Salón de la Plástica Mexicana, Puebla 154. Sculpture by Azúnsolo, Canessi, Zúñiga, Ruiz, Tussain, Arenas, Castillo, Cueto and Cabrera; Sala 2, sketches for a mural by José Clemente Orozco; Sala 3, engravings by Francisco Vásquez. Open 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Sundays.

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra. Concerts scheduled for October 2 (conductor Igor Markevitch), 21 and 23 (con-

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DRIVE IN

ductor Luis Herrera de la Fuente), in the Palace of Fine Arts. Friday programs begin at 9 pm and Sunday concerts at 11:15 am. Tickets at the box office and at J. M. Marrroqui 28, office 405.

National Opera, Palace of Fine Arts. October 1, *Faust*; October 4, *Manon*; October 8, *Elixir D'Amore*. Leading singers Victoria de los Angeles and Giuseppe Cämpora with the National Symphony Orchestra. Performances at 9 pm. Tickets as above.

Opera Negra, Palace of Fine Arts. October 9 to 23 presents Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* after European and Far East successes.

THEATER

Openings

Anna Christie. Translation of one of Eugene O'Neill's early successes. With film stars Silvia Pinal, Andrés Soler and Wolf Rubinsky in the

House Beautiful
reporting on Mexico . . .

said

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to go back for more . . ."

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major roles; direction by Tilio De Michelli. Teatro 5 de Diciembre, Lucerna and Lisboa, 36-51-55. Monday through Friday 7:30 and 9:45 pm; Saturdays 6 and 9:45 pm; no performance Tuesdays. Opening date to be announced.*

El Deseo. Jesús Cárdenas' adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*. María Douglas stars and Javier Rojas directs. Teatro Circulo, Veracruz 24. 11-44-74. Date and times to be announced.

Martina. a comedy by the young Mexican Rodolfo Alvarez about a mother who falls in love with her son-in-law. Presented by the National Union of Authors in combination with the Institute of Fine Arts. Virginia Manzano starring, Luis G. Basurto directing. Teatro de la Comedia, Villalongin 32. 28-56-38. Date and times uncertain; check with theater.

Utopia. a comedy-fantasy by Teté Cásuso in which a young girl from another planet arrives at a middle-class home with a message of love. With Irma D'Elias in the leading role and Javier Rojas directing. Pánuco Theater, Pánuco 10. 14-49-28. Opening date indefinite. Showings,

Thursday through Saturday, 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

* Since all times are subject to change, it is a good idea to check the papers or call the theater on the day of a performance.

Showing

Cada Quien su Vida. the controversial play about a Mexico City cabaret by Luis G. Basurto. Is it pornography, art or simply canny showmanship? With Carlos Navarro and Fernando Mendoza in the leading roles, Fernando Wagner directing. Teatro Lírico, Cuba 48. 36-16-26. Weekdays 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 7 and 10 pm.

Desnúdese, Señora. the long-running farce by Michel André, which has had over 400 performances. Stars Celia D'Alarcón. Directed by Raúl Zenteno. Sala Ródano, Ródano 17. 11-10-94. Tuesday through Saturday, 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 4:30, 7:15 and 9:45 pm.

Después Nada. Carlos Ancira's much discussed and long-awaited psychological drama. Virginia Gutiérrez and Julio Taboada star, Carlos Taboada directs. Teatro de la Capilla, Madrid 13, Coyoacán. 10-53-80. Weekdays 7 and 9:30 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm; closed Fridays.

El Amor de un Extraño. Agatha Christie's thriller, *Love from a Stranger*, in Spanish. Emperatriz Carvajal and Francisco Jambrino starring, José Aceves directing. Caracol Theater, Cuba 87. 21-71-55. Weekdays 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Saturdays 7:15 and 10 pm; Sundays 5 and 7:30 pm.

El Plan de Iguala. Rafael Solana's futuristic comedy with which this theater's leading actor, Roberto Soto, announces his retirement. Directed by C. Rivas Cherif. Súllivan Theater, Súllivan 25. 36-07-72. Weekdays 7 and 9:15 pm; Sundays, 4:30, 7 and 9:15 pm.

Gigolo. translation of Paul Gerald's hit comedy which is now in its 15th month. Ignacio Navarro and Ema Arvizú in the leads. Victor Moya directs. Gante Theater, Gante 12. 21-27-51. Daily, except Thursdays, at 7:15 and 9:45 pm.

La Otra Orilla. the Spanish suspense comedy by J. López Rubio, which is nearing its 200th performance. With the movie stars Lucy Gallardo, Victor Junco, Luis Aldás and Crox Alvarado; directed by Julián Soler. Arena Theater, Ignacio Ramírez 25. 36-42-98. Weekdays 7:30 and 10 pm; Sundays at 5, 7:30 and 10 pm.

Mala Semilla. Spanish version of Maxwell Anderson's current Broadway play *The Bad Seed*. Rita Macedo plays the mother; the role of the deadly moppet is divided between Angélica María (matinées) and María Rojo (nights). Jesús Valero directs. Fábregas Theater, Donceles



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24. 18-39-60. Weekdays, 7 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 4:15, 7 and 9:45 pm.

Nina, another long-running farce by the Frenchman André Roussin, in Spanish. Francisco Petrone directs, and Nadia Haro Oliva and Carlos Riquelme star. Arlequin Theater, Villalongin 26. 36-86-73. Tuesday through Saturday 7:30 and 8:45 pm; Sunday 7 and 9:30 pm.

Tres en Jaque, translation of the English comedy by L. du Garde Peach about a female spider and the three ex-husbands who are trying to escape her web. Marilú Elizaga and Ignacio López Tarso are in the leads, director is Salvador Novo. Caballito Theater, Rosales 26. 21-16-50. Weekdays at 7 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm; closed Wednesdays.

Vaudeville and Burlesque: Follies Bergere, G. Leyva 41; Teatro Margo, Aquiles Serdán 14; Tivoli, Libertad 9; Iris, Donceles 36.

Provincial Theater

In Monterrey. Mexico's largest theater, the María Teresa Montoya, will be inaugurated with a 45-day season, leading off with Rodolfo Usigli's *Corona de Sombra*. This will be followed by a repertory of Dario Nicodemi's *La Enemiga*, Rafael Solana's *Debiera Haber Obispas*, Cocteau's *Los Padres Terribles*, Lillian Helman's *La Loba*, as well as Ignacio Marquina's *El Monje Blanco* and other plays by Mexican and international authors. Guest actors will include Fernando Soler, Andrea Palma, Manolo Fábregas, Maricruz Olivier, Ricardo Mondragón and other famous thespians. Each play will run for only three days. The season will close with *Locura de Amor*, starring Carmen Montejo.

HORSES

Racing — at the Hipódromo de las Américas. The new season will be inaugurated October 12, with the traditional Cristóbal Colón Handicap, and continues every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. First race at 2:15 pm. This season promises exciting rivalry between such local favorites as *Script Writer* (which won last year's big Handicap de las Américas) and some recently arriv-

ed thoroughbreds from England, France and Argentina.

Stakes and special Handicaps for October:

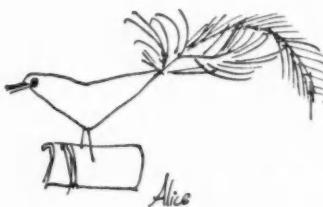
October 12: Cristóbal Colón Handicap, purse 15,000 pesos, 4 years old and up, 5½ furlongs.

October 16: Baja California Handicap, purse 10,000 pesos, 4 years and up, 7½ furlongs.

October 23: Chihuahua Handicap, purse 10,000 pesos, 3 years and up, 6 furlongs.

October 30: State of Mexico Handicap, purse 10,000 pesos, conditions to be announced.

Charreadas — rodeo Mexican style. Participated in by leading figures of Mexican society and business worlds, who swap their office chairs for saddles, their suits of English tweed for the traditional ornamented costumes, their pens for figure-spinning lariats. Charreadas take place every Sunday from 11 am to 2 pm at the following rings:



Rancho La Tapatia, Calzada Molino del Rey.

Rancho del Charro, Ejército Nacional at Schiller.

Rancho Grande de la Villa, at "Green Indians" entrance from the Laredo Highway.

BULLFIGHTS

October is an important month for the *novilleros*, or aspirants, since it is their last chance to get tapped for the *alternativa*, their professional debut as a full matador in the forthcoming Big Season. There will be a *mano a mano* (two man competitions) between the *novilleros* who have been most successful during the Little Season — figures like *Romerita*, *Hebert Vega*, and *Oscar Rivera* — to determine which will be invited to compete for the Critic's

Silver Ear in the last *novillada* of the season. Rings:

Plaza México, Av. Insurgentes. The world's largest bullring with a capacity of 55,000. Sunday *Corridas* start promptly at 4 pm. Tickets on sale at Izazaga 23, 9:30 am to 1 pm and 3:30 to 7 pm; Saturdays from 9:30 am to 1 pm, and at the Plaza after 2 pm. Shade tickets range from 3 to 30 pesos, Sun from 2 to 15 pesos.



El Toreo, at Cuatro Caminos. Saturday *novilladas* at 5 pm. Shade tickets from 5 to 30 pesos, Sun from 3 to 15 pesos, are sold at the ring Thursday from 10 am to 7 pm, and bullfight days from 2 pm on.

El Cortijo, Colonia Romero Rubio, near Central Airport. This is a tiny ring with scarcely capacity for 4,000, but it has a remarkable tauromachian atmosphere. Tourists are allowed behind the scenes to inspect the chapel, the dressing-rooms, the infirmary, the bull pens, etc. Thursday *novilladas* at 5 pm. Tickets on sale at the ring.

SPORTS

In October, Swimming, Water-Skiing, Volleyball and Baseball make way for Polo, Rowing and American Football. (The colleges in the Major League have yet to announce their American Football schedules.)

Boxing — *Arena Coliseo*, Perú 77. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 pm; 2 preliminaries, 2 semifinals and a major bout. In October *El Ratón* Macías and Memo Diez, current North American bantam and fly-weight champions, will be boxing in this arena.

Frontón (Jai-Alai) — lightning Basque game with exciting betting. At *Frontón México*, corner Ramos Arizpe and Plaza de la República, Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30 pm. Three games, two *quinielas* and a daily double. Spanish players. At

Frontón Colón, Ignacio Ramírez 15, Spanish and Mexican female stars, using rackets instead of baskets, offer three daily matches beginning at 4:30 pm.

Polo — Campo Anáhuac, Chapultepec. Ground conditions permitting, the big polo season will begin October 16. Leading Mexican teams who have won world laurels will compete every Sunday at 12 noon. Tickets on sale at Barcelona 15. For further information phone 36-58-14, 35-90-64 or 35-79-76.

Rowing — October 16 and 23. National Championships in the Xochimilco canals which will be specially prepared for this sport. 16 Mexican amateur and junior crews, and 23 first-class crews will compete to represent Mexico in the Melbourne Olympics. Some strong U. S. crews from Detroit will probably also participate.

Soccer — Mexican enthusiasm for this sport often leads to pitched battles between spectators and players. In October, Major League championship games will take place in Mexico's two largest stadiums: *Ciudad Universitaria* (matches October 6 and 20) and *Ciudad de los Deportes* (October 9, 16, 23 and 30). Sundays at 12:30 pm, Thursdays at 8:30 pm. Tickets on sale at Federación Mexicana de Fútbol, Abraham González and Lucerna.

Wrestling — Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Wrestlers with names like *The Saint*, *Tarzan*, *The Murderous Doctor*.

tor and *The Gorilla* — with physiques to match — grunt and groan Fridays at 9:30 pm, Sundays at 5 pm. Tickets at the box office from 7 to 10 daily.

LORE

Cockfights — are organized several Sundays a month in the capital's Charro rings. Because of Mexican interest in this sport, terms from it are often applied to boxing, wrestling and football. Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays scheduled fights take place in San Bartolo Naucalpan, 10 miles from the suburb of Tacuba.

Costumes — *Sala Riveroll*, Colón 35. Regional dress from all over Mexico, plus dances and a style show lecture on rebozos. Experts teach you how and when to use them. Wednesdays at 9 pm.

Dances — Colorful regional dances, such as *The Dance of the Old Men* or *The Dance of the Deer*, may be seen at the *Mexican Folk Center*, Círculo Rodem (Rotary Club), Londres 15, every Friday at 9 pm. For reservations phone 25-09-20. Also at the *Mexican Dance Fiesta*, Chapultepec Park, regional dances are presented in the open air by the Dance Group of the National Institute for Mexican Youth. Every Sunday at noon.

Rancho del Artista — Avenida Coyoacán. Mexican dances and a typical Mexican dinner every Sunday around 2 pm, in this model of an old-style hacienda-cum-museum.

October Suitcase

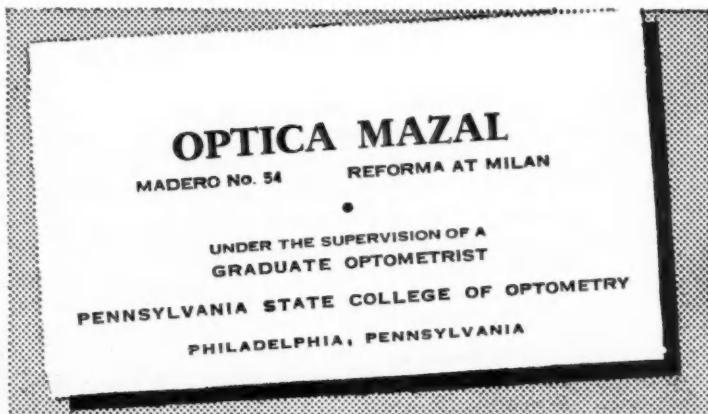
If October takes you to Tehuantepec or Oaxaca, move your Stateside weather estimates back a month or two for calculating suitcase contents. Weather in Tehuantepec is almost invariably hot, except for occasional storms from the Pacific. Coolest time of the year is the rainy season, which normally ends in October. So cottons should be your rule, plus a sweater or light jacket to wear evenings on the beach while you listen to the marimba playing.

Ordinary beach accessories — swim suit, sandals, dark glasses, suntan lotion and insect repellent — are useful, for you're likely to spend much of your time on the Isthmus' cliffted and straw shack-dotted shore. In town, your main accessory will be a camera, for Tehuantepec has some of the country's most spectacular people, and especially lovely women in their beautiful regional costumes.

In Mexico City, October also signals the end of the rainy season and the beginning of blue skies and dazzling winter sunshine. But the warmth of the day can be deceiving. With dusk, the air picks up a nip and a cool breeze that call for suits, a medium weight topcoat or a warm fur jacket. If the latter is lacking in your wardrobe, you may want to consider making that addition in Mexico City, where fur values are enticing and the luxury tax has never been heard of.

Again, a camera is one of the nicest companions you can take with you on a trip to Mexico. No other country in the world offers so many contrasts in color, scenery or architecture, nor more opportunities to pursue the favorite activity of most camera people, which is taking pictures of other people. Like furs, cameras are cheaper in Mexico; so if you haven't one, the saving will buy film for a whole vacation of non-stop photography.

M. L.





We frequently find ourselves discomfited by the contradiction between our gown and wings, and the sharp temptations that assail us; but are comforted by the fact that in this, though by our status free of many of the restrictions that mortals bear, we are no different from the rest of men.

Our principal temptation, having been in life a businessman who longed to write, is to say now exactly what we think; which often is not in the least made up of sweetness and light.

Troubled by this question of what can a writer write, we recently looked into what readers read. There seem to be many systems devised for readers who want to read but do not have the peace to start at the beginning and go through to the end. We sped through these systems, using one of our own, and rejected all the others. Our method, which we hereby happily make available to our readers, is to look at the first and last sentences of a page or paragraph. If the fellow at the typewriter hasn't said anything at the beginning or the end, it's a good bet that there's nothing worth reading either, in between.

Every body, we have been pained to observe, habitually underestimates everybody else. Possibly this is because we like to think that we are smarter than the rest. No great harm is done, of course, if we underestimate other people's virtues, merely. Our calamities come from underestimating their faults.

Angus

Letters

DISCOJOS

Dear Anita:

As a result of your story in the July issue of *MEXICO THIS MONTH*, a Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kaplan, who had picked up a copy in California, came to see us. Mr. Kaplan's Foundation for the Junior Blind will turn out to be useful to us, since people interested in his work are bound to be equally interested in what we are trying to do.

Incidentally, the first hour and a half variety show which we have put together through the cooperation of local talent is now finished — music, story telling, comedy, history — stuff that we know will in effect give eyes to many of the Mexican blind who have so little that is interesting or pleasurable available in their lives. You or any interested readers are most welcome to attend the periodic programs that we have begun. My phone is 35-15-10.

Sincerely,

Alan Palmer

INFORMATION

Dear Miss Brenner:

I am a professor due for Sabbatical leave and who would like to combine vacation with work on a book. There are many questions, of a practical nature, which I would like to ask, and wonder does your magazine or organization have an information service of this sort available? For example, living costs, choice of place or neighborhood to live in, availability of furnished apartments or houses, facilities for children, etc., as well as facilities for research in my specialty.

I will greatly appreciate your information.

Sincerely yours,
Langford W. Grant

The Instituto México-Norteamericano de Relaciones Culturales, Hamburg 115, maintains an excellent bureau

of information designed precisely for people whose plans are such that they do not fall into the regular tourist category. This bureau also provides information of a more general sort — for scholars, businessmen, press, and others who may wish orientation.

FATHER WASSON

Dear Miss Brenner:

I believe your readers may be interested in hearing about a new and unusually helpful project which has been begun by a North American priest in Cuernavaca. The priest is Father Wasson; his project, a home for homeless boys, operated along with a charity clinic and a charity school.

Father Wasson cares for boys who are truly homeless, and who have been so lacking in affection, or in any semblance of home life and benevolent society, that they might easily become criminals. He finds most of his boys in jails — either because they themselves are young offenders, or because they are sons of offenders.

The size of the group, its facilities, and the services of clinic and school are all limited by severe lack of funds. Perhaps some of your readers who have visited Mexico may want to take an interest in Father Wasson's home.

Sincerely, Eunice C. Blago
Society Editor, *The News*

HELPFUL

Dear Editors:

My daughter and I discovered your magazine on a recent visit to Mexico. It helped us to find the off-the-beaten-track Mexico we were looking for. We were particularly charmed by Guanajuato, enticed there by your article on the *Independence Country*, and *Cervantes Returns*. Again thanks to you we spent a very relaxing weekend in Tepoztlán. And we would like to continue our studies in Aztec.

Gratefully yours,
(Mrs.) Lenore Rich
New Orleans, La

person to person

IN THIS ISSUE

Bill Shanahan, editor of *The News*, Mexico's English-language daily, opens the racing season with a down-to-earth account of the famous *Hipódromo de las Américas*.

Emma Gutiérrez Suárez, well known to our readers for her interesting articles about life in Mexico, gives us a close-up of the fabled *Tehuanas*, said to be a master-race...

Bil Gilbert, of Glen Echo, Maryland, remembers nostalgically a trip to Yalalag, which is like a primitive Shangri-La or a town in ancient China...

Toby Joysmith, who's sailed non-millionaire fashion up and down the Pacific coast, logs a trip northwards from Acapulco...

and

Our Regular Features

MEXICO / this month

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EDITOR, Anita Brenner

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A high-powered promotion man from New York gave us a lot of impressive advice recently. He said he thought we probably had a "success on our hands" and told us how to proceed to reach the mass-public.

Dutifully, we took Step One as prescribed, which was to analyze our present readership. Our friend said that this should guide us, and that he thought we would probably find our readers to be mostly people who dream, or want to, of far-away places and other escapes.

It turned out upon analysis, that the majority of our subscribers are industrial and business firms, both here and in the United States. Our friend having gone back to New York we are at a loss as to what to do with this nugget.



They are Emma Gutiérrez Suárez' account of life in Tehuantepec, which for the first time brought that fabled region into, for us, common-sense focus; and *Yalalag Remembered*, describing a trip to a remote, Chinesey village in Oaxaca.

Both Yalalag and Tehuantepec are, like many places in Mexico, remnants of a very ancient way of life, in which the community is one large family, thus making for a type of stability and security similar to early New England in some ways, and very attractive to us lone and harassed children of the urban jungle.

The jimm-jams, though, were brought on by the fact that the word "communal" appeared in both stories, and several times, brash as you please. We didn't know what to do with it. Write an editorial note stating on our solemn word that we know these authors to be peaceable citizens, and not Advocates of Communism? That got to be an intricate undertaking. Ask the authors to rewrite? One of them lives in Maryland, and the mails are slow.

We edited instead, so that the word now appears as "community," and we hereby tender our apologies to the authors, and to our readers too. We ought to be sure that anybody who can read, knows the difference between "communal" and that other word. But writing's gotten to be such a screwy business nowadays. One never knows who's going to snatch up a phrase and go rushing off to Cotton Mather with it.



Are we supposed to angle our editorial content now more in the direction of what interests businessmen? And what would that be? If our contents up to now, appeal principally to dreamers, are we then to conclude that all these serious businessmen are just a lot of dreamers?

In this issue, we're rocking along as heretofore but we'd very much like to hear from our readers. Somebody ought to answer these very pertinent questions that our friend raised.

We have two stories in this number whose romance enchants us, but which caused quite a bit of editorial jimm-jams.

BOMBEROS



Zachary Scott, the movie star who plays man-of-the-world roles, recently showed up in Mexico as a patron of the arts. He came to attend the opening of the first one-man show of his discovery, Cesareo Torres Guerrero. Scott, who wrote the catalogue notes, said that introducing the artist was like introducing a character to his own dreams. The exhibition was at Inés Amor's gallery, Milán 18.

Henry B. Sargent, president of the American and Foreign Power Company and EBASCO (Electric Bond and Share Corporation), is here to put the final touches on the successful reorganization of the Mexican corporate set-up, and expansion of power supply to the tune of 500 million pesos over the next five years. This columnist hopes the first thing they tackle is the power crisis in the Colonias. His typewriter has some weird connection with the suburban electrical situation. Every time he sits at it the lights go out all over Coyoacán.

Betsy and El Kieffer have returned to Mexico for a month's visit. He is a painter whose Mexican canvases were exhibited recently in Manhattan. She is an editor of *McCall's*. Last year their Cuautla hideaway was the subject of a magazine article by Betsy's sister Faith McNulty. It's also the subject of the book Betsy has written for Longman's Green.

After the nuclear physicists from all over the world held their meetings at University City and at the University of Guanajuato, several stayed on to see more of Mexico. Professor Raymond T. Birge, president of the American Physical Society, and his wife were guests of the Del Prado, substituting a camera for a geiger counter.

News and Comment

GRAPH

The President's Report to Congress on September 1, written in sober, prosaic facts and figures, which we have resuméed in National Panorama, disclosed a national panorama more solid economically than at any time for many years. Recovery from the jolt of devaluation last year, is now unquestionable, via the steady, unspectacular growth of business confidence and activity. The end-of-August bulletin of *Nacional Financiera* boils the economic story down to the interesting graph we reproduce below; a picture that, as the Chinese say, is worth ten thousand words.



ATOMIC CLAYS

Reports that "hundreds of Americans" are streaming down to Oaxaca to buy up the bowls and pots of the famous Oaxaca "black," which as it now turns out, is supposed to contain uranium, have rather dumbfounded us at this office. There are other reports that the Oaxaca Indians, to whom the clay itself is more precious than anything it might contain, have become, as the stock phrase goes, "embattled," and therefore dangerous to any foreigner even faintly resembling a prospector.

The clay does contain metallic minerals — this is what gives Oaxaca pottery its beautiful gunmetal glaze under slow firing — but such experts as we've been able to tree, doubt very seriously that it's in any amount worth

extraction. What baffles us, however, is that there should be "hundreds" who dream of getting rich quick via uranium, after all the publicity, here in Mexico at least, given the fact that this ore is strictly government property.

We have sent runners, of course, down to Oaxaca to see these "hundreds" of latter-day gold-rushers, and suspect they're going to turn out to be innocent tourists.

ERNESTO

There is a lot of story to Mexico City's Alameda, which last month rounded a 350 year cycle to become again a place for public spectacles — but this time, strictly cultural.

In 1592, the Alameda was just a clearing on the edge of town, where the circus-type stands and more formal ceremonial boxes were set up, from which to watch the Inquisition burnings and other judgments.

By the 19th century it was a park, where the aristocracy gathered fashionably on Sunday noons, to trade deals, gossip, and of course make genteel love. Band concerts in the round Chinese-style kiosk in the middle were part of every well-conducted upper-class family Sunday, along with pink taffy candy, sugar-apples, and canaries that told your fortune.

Today, after years of neglect, the flower beds have been replanted and the fountains put back into operation, and the concert bandstand officially inaugurated as an art gallery. Purpose of this new exhibition place is to provide a showing for artists too young or too poor to be able to afford the commercial galleries.

Father of the idea is Ernesto P. Uru-churtu, energetic head of the Federal District government, who has been earnestly cleaning up and beautifying

the capital, planting flowers by the thousands, and organizing government-backed concerts, theater, and ballet in the city stadiums, halls and parks.

WOMEN AND BULLS

The impressive showing made by little Miss Bette Ford, at her recent debut in the Plaza México, surprised professionals and critics. Several American girls have been playing the bush leagues, in the past couple of years, as *toreras*, but Miss Ford is the first of Plaza México calibre.

Comment on the American girl makes-good, in the ring, was summed up by *Excélsior*, Mexico's conservative daily, in the cartoon below, drawn by its star caricaturist Arias Bernal.



CARIBBEAN CIRCUIT

Cruise and other travel packages for the Gulf and Caribbean circuit are to be expected as the result of the Inter-American Congress of Tourism of the Gulf and Caribbean held here early in September.

To attract attention to, and promote travel in, this region, is a project which authorities here, especially the Ministry of Communications, look upon with considerable interest, since it is regarded as an extremely attractive travel idea and therefore, likely to be beneficial to the various countries included.

NATIONAL PANORAMA

The President's annual Report to Congress on September 1, delivered in sober, painstaking detail, gave a picture that, summed up, highlights two important facts: first, a successful heave-by-the-boots to a condition of economic solidity and productivity; and second, that the principal trait of this regime is its conscientiousness, reflecting the President's personality.

The emphasis of the speech is worth noting, as revealed by the order in which subjects were presented, and the tone. The attention of the nation was drawn again and again by the President, to his principal preoccupation — the maintenance and furthering of democracy.

The President underlined the free and orderly manner in which this year's congressional elections were carried out. He then went on to speak of the fostering and growth of Civic Improvement Committees, welcomed and encouraged by the Federal government, to work, in each municipality, with official authorities, to increase the exercise of democratic rights, and improve education, health, housing, agricultural methods, and general living standards.

This device of local "juntas" to bring about improvement faster and more effectively, and to strengthen democratic customs at the base, has been applied widely in the past two years, and many "Civic Welfare Centers" have been created in small towns and villages, proving especially successful in public health progress.

The overall task of government as defined by the President keynoted the speech. "To maintain without restriction of any kind, the freedoms of speech, belief, press, criticism of the government, work... or summed up, to maintain spiritual and economic freedoms, along with personal and social guarantees."

This keynote was struck again in his statement of Mexico's foreign policy: "...our people, cannot conceive of peace without liberty, or of liberty without justice. For centuries the men and women of Mexico suffered the vicissitudes of a history that tempered their spirit in adversity and strengthened the values that make their democratic faith."

Most of the speech was a peso-by-peso accounting of what the government had been doing with the people's money. Communications — roads, railways and port improvement, 32% increase of electric power and fuel resources, 22%; irrigation, 15%. Agricultural improvement had brought about national self-sufficiency, with a small margin for export. This is news, as at no time for generations had the country's food production caught up with its population growth. Income, brought this year also to its highest point in history, had balanced the budget and wiped out last year's 450 million peso deficit.

There was no oratory whatsoever in the speech. Not a hint of flamboyance or drama. By the facts spoke eloquently enough, and the figures, of rectitude.

Win, Place and Show



Columbus Day is the Day of the Race (*Día de la Raza*) in Mexico, but to thousands of turfánáticos it is the Day of the Races, as this is the date on which the Hipódromo de las Américas inaugurates its season.

The full import of this moment is understood only by those hard-bitten improvers of the mutuel who are untiring in their uphill battle against the law of diminishing returns. And the advantages enjoyed by optimists in the battle are to some extent unique at this track, which is also one of the most beautiful in the world.

There are no scouts, spies, masters of strategy in any organized way here; no tip sheets, clocker's reports and the other tabulated information designed to keep the horse player's mind sharp and his belly lean. Most of the leading newspapers cover track activities, but none in the past has gone into the science of handicapping. This year, however, *Publicaciones Herrerías*, which publishes the daily *Novedades* and the English-language *The News*, plans to enter the field with handicap ratings provided by a real Kentucky colonel.

The colonel contends that horses in Mexico run to form more consistently than they do in the United States for what he terms "obvious reasons," and that this adds a lot of advantages to everybody — owners, managers and public.

Mexico has a long, 10-month season with fast track conditions prevailing most of the time. Horses race on the same track, with the same jockeys, same conditions, and in the same Spring-like climate. Therefore, says

the colonel, it's only logical that they should be more consistent.

One of the factors that upsets conventional bettors in Mexico is the constant crossing of class lines. The Stateside adage, "class will tell," is not quite so true in Mexico. With the horse more or less a permanent fixture at the track and movement of stables almost nonexistent, it is not uncommon to see a horse running in a 6,500 or 7,500 peso claiming-race one week and in allowance company a couple of weeks later. And he might win in both.

As a result of this situation, the colonel says, not class, but speed and weight-carrying ability must be taken as the basic factors for handicapping the horses.

Knowing these factors, a bettor has more chance of going home with caviar for supper than at any other track or at any rate, less chance of going home supperless. And some of the same factors mean the horse's owner can count on a pretty steady diet of fillet with mushrooms.

While the class of horses running in Mexico is considerably below that of



the United States, the scarcity of horses here offers the owner a much better opportunity for winning, says Mrs. Deborah Rood Everitt, vice president of the Hipódromo. A horse that can win money in the 5,000 to 7,000 dollar claiming class in the United States, can usually perform well in allowance and stake races here. Also, a money-winner in the 1,500-2,000 dollar claiming class in the U. S. usually will be a

consistent winner here. Because of the shortage of horses an owner can count on running his charge as often as he wishes, and although the purses are not high, a horse's earning capacity is thus greatly increased.

The expenses of maintaining a horse in Mexico are amazingly low, so the "sport of Kings" — and the fashionable trimmings of Jockey Club, etc. — can be and are enjoyed by many people nowhere near the millionaire bracket. A public trainer charges 750 pesos a month to care for a horse, including feed, exercise and training, with shoeing, veterinary and jockey fees extra. The fee to a jockey in all races where the purse is 6,000 pesos or more is 150 pesos for a winning ride, 75 pesos for second and 65 for a losing mount.

The Hipódromo de las Américas began its operation in 1943. At that time there was no thoroughbred breeding in Mexico and all horses participating in early meets were imported. To give incentive to breeders, the track adopted a program of stimulating breeding and now schedules a large number of races each year for Mexican-bred horses. About 30 percent of the bigger stake races fall in this category. In addition, the track has set up a fund which awards a breeder 1,000 pesos for each Mexican-bred entry he sends to the post. Also 200,000 pesos are distributed to breeders whose horses win in the stake races, whether the horse is still owned by the breeder or not.

Under the stimulus of this program, Mexican-bred horses are becoming increasingly prominent, with such names as Vendaval, Churumbela, Chicuelero, Bandera Negra, La Mexicana and Catorce coming to the fore.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Everitt says there is still a critical need for imported horses to fill the track's stable facilities

MEXICO CITY'S FASHIONABLE TRACK OPENS ITS 14TH RACING SEASON

for 900. And Mrs. Everitt, who raced her own stable before becoming vice president of the track, has an answer to horse owners skeptical of racing in Mexico City's 7,300-foot altitude. Horses, she says, react to the change much like people — it's a question of individuality.

"People coming here for the first time can't stay up all night and romp around and then race up the stairs in the morning," she says. "They have to take it easy at first."

"However, we have noticed that horses flown in, come into form much more quickly than those brought in by truck or railroad. So we think it's the trip itself that tires them out, and that the effects of altitude are only temporary."

Although the Hipódromo is not considered a fast track (some horses which turned the six furlongs in 1:12 on fast, hard-top California tracks, can't do it in 1:14 here), the world's record for the half mile has been set here on three different occasions. Big Racket turned the trick in 1945, while Big Ping did it in 1952 and Mexican-bred Manzano lowered it to:45 1/5 in 1953.

But what the track may lack in speed it makes up for in ideal racing conditions, precision equipment, and beautiful surroundings.

The Hipódromo is set in the midst of smooth lawns and lush shrubbery, and looks out on a valley ringed with purple mountains, yet it is only 15 minutes from the center of downtown Mexico City. It operates under near-perfect conditions 10 months of the year, with dry, sunny weather prevailing most of the time. And probably no track on the continent is better equipped than the Hipódromo.

The track itself is a six and a half furlong course with a good cushion, which does not break down a horse's hoofs as fast as a hard surface track. There is a three-quarter mile chute and a mile and one-eighth chute; on sprints up to six furlongs, the horses must



Miss Real beats out Plucky Flag in a driving finish. The grandstands are jammed. Neither horse has raced in Mexico recently.



Jockey Avelino Gómez being congratulated by U. S. Ambassador Francis White for his winning ride in last year's Good Neighbor Handicap. With the ambassador in the winner's circle are Mrs. Everitt and Miss White.



Menzanero, one of the best sprinters ever to perform at the Hipódromo, takes a morning workout with an exercise boy astride.

run around one turn, while on races of seven and a half furlongs or up there are two turns.

All races begin from a Puett electric starting gate equipped with 12 stalls. Occasionally a big entry list forces some horses to start from the field, but such cases are rare.

Three years ago the Hipódromo installed a system of automatic vending machines and a rapid calculating totalizer. These machines record each bet as it is made and automatically flash it on the tote board in front of the grandstand. Fans can therefore see how much is being bet on each horse — not only in the win pool, but also for place and show. Approximate odds are flashed on the board every 90 seconds.

A film patrol, which covers the entire track, photo finish and test barn are all standard equipment at the Hipódromo.

So there's no guesswork to the mechanics of racing at this track, and the handicapping colonel avows no need for guesswork in the mechanics of betting. But if you do go home without your shirt, there's always the affable climate to count on

Bill Shanahan



Raúl Ramírez, the youngest jockey riding at the Hipódromo, looks nonchalant while waiting for his first race.

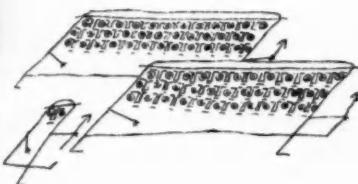
Below, a Sunday crowd (foreground) looks down from the grandstand terrace as the turfanáticos return from the paddock.



MUSIC

Monterrey, which prides itself on its civic and cultural advancement, inaugurates its regular opera performances on the 15th of this month. Few cities can match Monterrey's record for patrons generous enough to maintain a regular season. Director Robert Silva of the National Fine Arts Department organizes the performances, and most of the singers are brought down either from the capital or foreign countries; in either case, top-flight performers.

This year, Victoria de los Angeles will sing the star role in *Manon*, announced for the opening. Other operas to follow will be *La Boheme*, *Madame Butterfly*, and *Faust*. The series will run throughout the latter half of October.



A series of successful concerts last month proved, for the second year, that there is a public here glad to pay to see to it that young musicians get their chance. Started for this purpose, the *Asociación de Concertistas Mexicanas, A. C.* (ACMAC) in 1954 announced three goals: to arrange concerts in the Palace of Fine Arts' main auditorium for young and talented musicians who might otherwise wait years to appear in a major program; to set up scholarships for needy young musicians unable to continue their studies, and to program exchange concerts between young Mexican musicians and those of other countries. With the first two objectives reached, last month's appearance of North American violinist Joyce Flissler, of the National Music League of New York, was news that Item 3 had been successfully accomplished also.

MURALS in MOSAIC

Pictures in mosaic are not a new idea; Greek and Byzantine art, especially, used this technique widely. But the bold scale on which mosaics are used in modern Mexican architecture has created a new style.

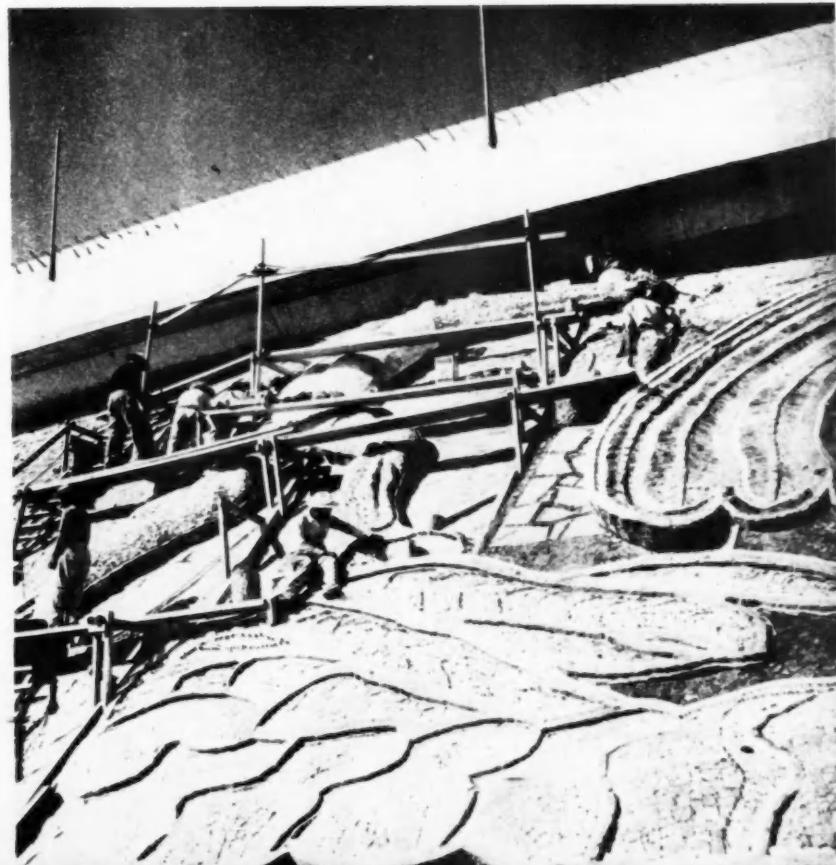
A sweep of pictorial color — by the hundreds of square feet — is an idea that comes natural here, as this was part of pre-Spanish architecture, and was then taken over and applied by Indian artists and craftsmen, to the decoration of Catholic churches. Leading modern painters revived it, first in the decoration of existing buildings, and then bringing it to the point where it is now, an integral part of most of the building that is going on.

Rivera, who first "invented" stone mosaic to decorate his own pyramid,

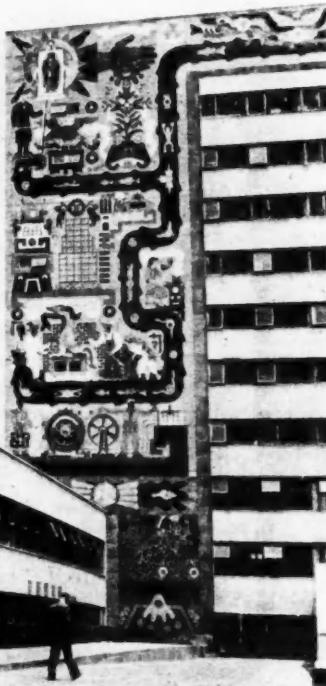
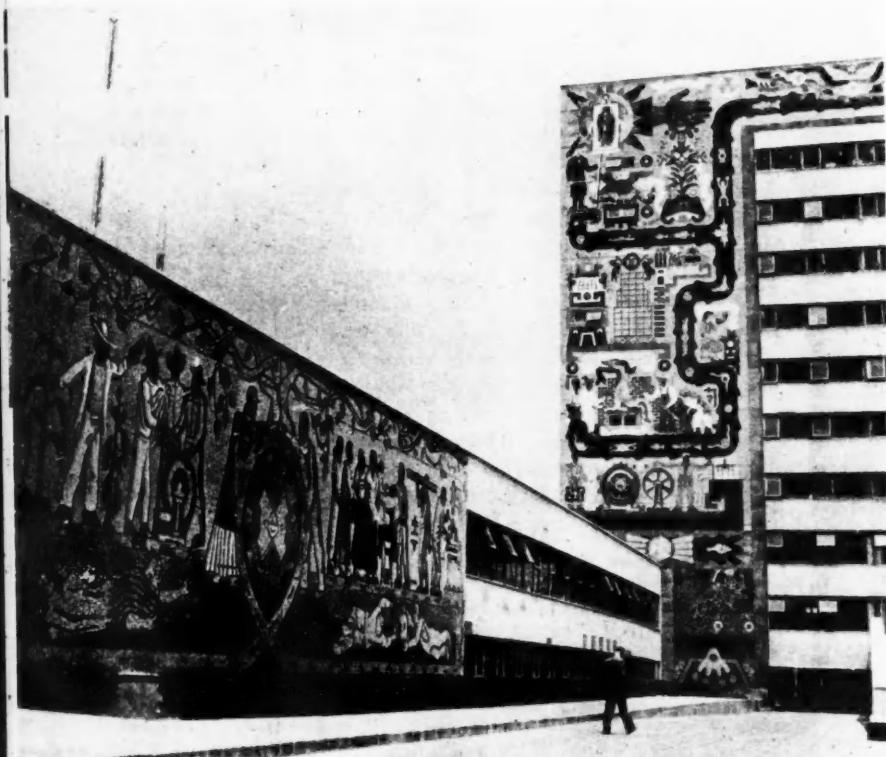
designed to house his art collection, then used it on a gargantuan scale in various projects, of which the most magnificent are the Lerma waterworks and the University City stadium. At University City, Juan O'Gorman used it Persian-carpet style, to facade the entire library building, and from here, the combination was applied by the architect Pérez Palacios to the unbelievably beautiful Ministry of Communications building.

From another point of departure, Carlos Mérida, one of the first to use the nuance of ceramic for architectural murals, developed this technique, becoming the number one master of it but also popularizing it so that it is now in common use in much commercial building.

Mosaic work in progress at famous CU stadium. Architect Pérez Palacios and artist Diego Rivera collaborated to produce a new style here, based on pre-Spanish architecture. Photo Marilu Pease.



MOSAIC MURALS



Detail, mosaic bas-relief on facade, designed by Rivera, covers facade, because the building rather than incidentally.

Ministry of Communications, Mexico City, brings dramatically to mind the bold use of space and bulk in ancient cities. Style carried out here was developed by Rivera and O'Gorman. Photo Marilis Pease.

It is a technique that responds to climatic needs, as it provides a permanent finish to buildings, protecting them securely against the one weather enemy, which is rain. It also adapts itself to Mexican labor, since most Mexican stonemasons are inclined to be artists too, and contribute their own shadings and variations to these jobs.

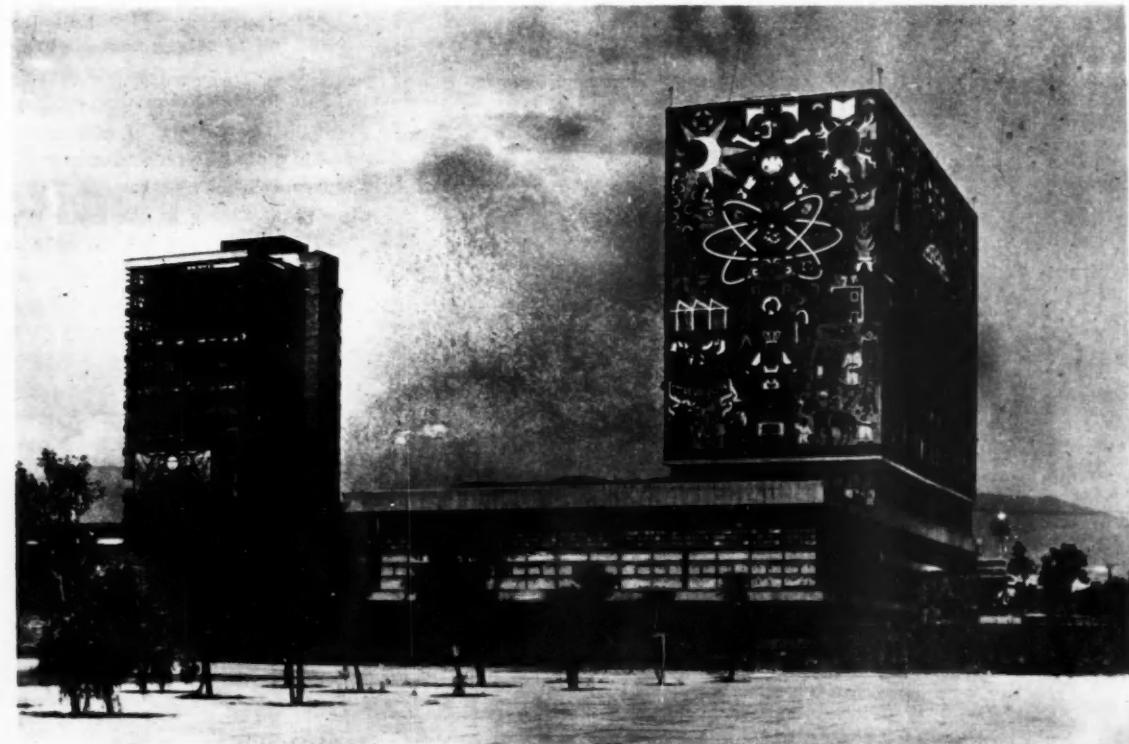
Many materials have been developed for use in tile, ceramic, or stone mosaic facing, and since the cost is very little more than ordinary tile-facing, and its beauty so much greater, it has been widely adopted, giving a new field to artistic talent and a great deal of vivid character to the look of many of Mexico's "city of the future" buildings and streets.

Detail, ceramics mosaic by Carlos Mérida, who has used small, Italian-type tile in his works with subtle shadings that emphasize the beauty of simple modern forms.





... a facade of stadium. Technique,
years hundred, becoming part of
incident in Héctor Manjarres.



Library, University City. Stone mosaic in color covers entire building, as if hung with Oriental tapestries. Designed by artist and architect Juan O'Gorman. Photo Luis Márquez. Right: Stone mosaic is now commonly employed in commercial building, as shown on this apartment house. Photo Marilu Pease.





Photo Marilu Pease.

Tehuantepec Fiesta. Beauty is a central preoccupation in the life of a Tehuana, and fiestas play an important role. Below, a village street in the Tehuantepec region.



Tehuanas

In most of Mexico, especially among the Indian and mestizo families, there isn't the shadow of a doubt as to who is the undisputed boss of the household — the man always. But this is not true in Tehuantepec. So remarkably different is the position of women here, that it has led many travelers to describe them as a race of Amazons... a very special, regal and beautiful type of master race.

The superficial appearance of life in Tehuantepec certainly corroborates this impression: the women, in their glorious costumes, and richly necklaced and earringed with gold, stately as queens even when dispensing rice in the market, seem to dominate the place. Beside them the men seem puny and drab and timid, asserting themselves — or taking refuge from their secondary role — in politics and drink.

But in the privacy of their homes and in the pattern of community living, a quite different relationship turns up, established by what life is all about in Tehuantepec. In the modern urban world, we live for what's called "getting ahead." Power, position, possessions, and personal importance generally, are what we are taught to value and strive for. Interpreted by these standards, Tehuantepec can be concluded to be a place in which the women "wear the pants." But the aims of living are different here. In its existence, being boss or "getting ahead" are ideas that have very little meaning.

Here the central idea, around which both personal and community life is shaped, is the old divine command to create, multiply and produce. And in this scheme of things, love, mating and birth are all-important, so women therefore occupy a position of high dignity. The cultivation of her own

THE GLAMOROUS WOMEN OF TEHUANTEPEC
HAVE GIVEN RISE TO MANY STRANGE AND
ROMANTIC STORIES.

HERE IS A CLOSE-UP ACCOUNT BY A WOMAN
WHO LIVED FOR SEVERAL YEARS AMONG THEM,
AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND.

beauty is a central preoccupation of a Tehuana's life, which from the beginning trains towards the climax of marriage; in which the man is mate and partner, but not, as with us, dominant as the provider.

Fiestas, numerous and spectacular throughout Mexico, play an even more important part in the social cycle of Tehuantepec. They have a religious significance that goes back to pre-Catholic times, linked to rain, growth, harvest, thanksgiving and enjoyment of the fruits of the earth.

There are many kinds of fiestas, from the mammoth gatherings from all over the isthmus of Tehuantepec called *gлагетзас* (which means offerings) to

(Continued on page 19)



Tehuana headgear. Legend says it was adapted from Spanish finery found in a shipwreck.

Intricate embroidery, in fine silk and yarn, is essential to the Tehuana costume. Girls sometimes spend as much as three years on a single dress.



Photos Luis Márquez.



YALALAG REMEMBERED

Photo Marilu Pease.

We sat in the one room which in we were to sleep. Our beds that night were mats spread on table tops, special consideration in a village where ordinarily a bed is the ground. Yalalag is the public house, and while we ate we listened to the steady rain, blown across the Sierra Madre de Oaxaca, beating down on the tile roof. It was the eve of All Souls' Day and, behind us in the opposite corner, two candles burned on the altar that was heaped with bread and fruit to be consumed by the dead who were returning that night.

The *Señora* cleared away the plates and brought the bitter, unblended, mountain coffee in bowls.

We were tired. Our legs ached, the muscles numb. Ann's feet were covered with blisters, and we were burned raw from exposure to the fierce southern sun.

"I go to Oaxaca by foot in a day," said Francisco, and we would scarcely have been more surprised had he told us he balanced the world on his shoulders on alternate Mondays. Though we had traveled half the distance by truck and considered ourselves no amateurs as hikers and climbers, it had taken us two arduous days from Oaxaca City to Yalalag.

We drank the coffee and went out into the rain. Francisco and the soldier who had waited outside while we ate led us across the wet, slippery plaza to the Municipal Palace where

Now, four years later, our thoughts turn often to those months lived in Oaxaca, but never is nostalgia stronger than in the last days of October, the anniversary of our journey to the mountain village of Yalalag. Here in the north, it is a gray chill time of year and perhaps the raw fall days of Maryland bring back even more sharply the Yalalag mountainsides, tawny with dust, sun, and acres of blooming marigolds.

Oaxaca, city and state, is a place where celebration is a true and fine art. Oaxaca's turbulent Christmas *posadas*, the unique Night of the Radishes, brilliant *castillos* and the performances in the Plaza de la Danza are admired throughout the nation. The *Oaxaqueño* has a talent for producing "spectaculars."

The celebration of All Souls' Day is one of the most important in Oaxaca. On this day the souls of the dead return to their earthly residence for twenty-four hours of feasting and revelry. The living on this day provide the fiesta and feast for the returning dead. Small altars are set up in nearly

(Continued page 24)



The ancient Oriental character of Indian Mexico is seen unmistakably in this costume and headdress.

TEHUANAS

(Continued
from page 17)

private fiestas called, when elegant and formal, *velas* (meaning candles) or when more casual, *velorios*. In the rest of Mexico, *velorio* means wake, but in Tehuantepec it's just an all-night party.

To me the most interesting of all parties in Tehuantepec were always the weddings. Preparations begin months ahead, and the most important of these is the dress of the bride and of all the women who will attend.

The Tehuana dress is not elaborate in itself but takes a long time to make because it is intricately and beautifully embroidered. The base is the skirt, full, gathered, and covered with embroidery that looks Chinese, because it is modeled upon the old shawls and other Chinese imports that were brought to Mexico during colonial times. The bottom of the skirt is a deep, exquisitely pleated lace ruffle. The blouse, called a *huipil*, is straight and short, and also richly embroidered. Tehuanas spend sometimes as much as three years on a single dress, combining colors, textures and yarns.

But the most dramatic, and certainly the most unusual, piece of Tehuana gear is the headpiece, which is called a *huipilili*. Legend has it that a Spanish galleon was wrecked off the coast of Salina Cruz, and a trunk full of infants' clothing was washed ashore. When the girls who found it examined the contents, they could not imagine what those lacy and beruffled things were — for Tehuantepec babies wear nothing at all. One finally placed it on her head so that the edge of the dress stood out like a halo. This was so effective that from then on it was adopted as a part of the Tehuana costume.

The courtship that precedes a wedding becomes serious when the boy throws his net — literally his fishnet — over the girl. If she stays "caught" they are engaged; if she shakes it off, he'll have to try again some other time, or some other girl. If successful, the boy goes to live in the home of the



Isthmus of Tehuantepec. (Map information courtesy PEMEX.)

girl. This serves a double purpose: he works for his future father-in-law, thus paying for his bride; and at the same time has a chance to observe his fiancee in the prosaic role of housewife and daily companion, thus giving himself, and her, a chance to call it off if they don't like each other on unromantic acquaintance.

Next, if all goes well, the boy plans the kidnapping of his bride, which everybody knows of course is to take place. The groom's friends and much of the community, help build the couple's future house, and meanwhile the women prepare food for the wedding feast, which as a matter of fact has already begun, with the merrymaking that goes on around the house-building. When all is ready, the boy with the help of his friends kidnaps the girl, taking her to the new home, where his relatives receive her in festive committee, and his mother especially, embraces and adopts her as a daughter. The party then goes in procession to the bride's home, with music and fireworks, where they "platcate" the other parents-in-law.

In the meantime, however, the bride and groom have disappeared, and the

wedding guests wait, feasting, to learn whether the girl is worthy of true marriage. If, disastrously, she was not a virgin, great shame is heaped upon her and her family, and there is no wedding. This seldom happens. Instead, there is a special ceremony of rejoicing and the bride is taken by her girl friends to the river and given a ceremonial bath, rubbed with aromatic herbs, and dressed for the church ceremony. And then for days and weeks, first at one home, then at another, there is music and banqueting and dancing.

A happy people? Yes, and not by carefree accident. A great deal of wisdom goes into maintaining the stability and good temper of both community and private lives. There are seldom any quarrels, but if one should occur, the parties seek a mediator, a person whom they both respect and love, to help them resolve their difficulty.

Shangri-la? Perhaps. One cannot help but envy their serenity and gaiety, and wonder whether it is because they live in a way that responds more fully and naturally to human needs than we.

Emma Gutiérrez Suárez



Every autumn about thirty American yachts race from San Diego coast-wise to Acapulco. That is a serious business, with sealed engines and the crews straining night and day to make use of every breath of the light tropic airs. But going home is different. After spending some time among the delights of Acapulco the boats usually loaf back in company, stopping off in some sandy, surf-lined bay fringed with palms or at a remote town, seldom visited by strangers. And this cruise is truly a voyage into the glamorous unknown.

On our first night out the Pacific staged a terrific show. Coming on watch at four in the morning I was surprised to find the sea pulsing with globes of light that floated just below the surface. The breaking crest of each wave scintillated like spilt jewels and the wake streamed away astern with every whorl and eddy softly marked by green light. The globes of light were squids, rising to feed off the phosphorescent plankton on the surface.

The next day we passed the mouth of the Rio Balsas. Troll fishing was good off the estuary but we did not stop as we wanted to reach an anchorage before night. There is an anchorage of sorts off the mouth of the river and the adventurous (swimmers only!) can push through the creaming surf and overfalls in a small boat with a powerful outboard to the river beyond. We anchored at Zihuatanejo.

As we entered the harbor, the tropic smells of the shore came out to us, warm and fragrant; but we didn't see

Pacific Cruise

the place till next day. In the milky dawn light a plane skinned down to land somewhere behind the palms. There is a jungle service here from Oaxaca and Acapulco. The town is in the heel of a deep cleft away from the sea, giving smooth bathing. There are cabins for tourists, higher up, which catch the breeze, but the town itself huddles on its crescent beach between sea and jungle. Small shaded bars and rows of hammocks under thatch awnings line the beach; the lilt of surf mingles with the tinkle of ice in tall glasses. One expects to meet Maugham's beachcomber Ginger Ted at every turn.

Isla Grande is only an afternoon's sail away. Accompanied by a pair of dolphins sporting at the bows we drove into the bay and let go the hook 100 yards off the beach. As the rattle of the chain died away the screech of parrots came out to us from the densely packed trees. The island is conical with two circular bays, uninhabited except for occasional Man Fridays out fishing. It is pure Robinson Crusoe; so if there are any surviving boyhood dreams of desert islands and

the South Seas in your system this is the place to act them out. The beach is good for very private bathing and we found much beautifully bleached and weathered drift-wood, and there's money in that there stuff! There's duck too and our hunting party came back with a good roast duck supper and a hat full of pre-conquest pottery shards.

Northwards the beaches lie flat for miles on end, surf-looped, bare of habitation. Behind, purple serried mountains shimmer into the distance, wave upon wave like a blue frozen echo of the sea itself. We lay one night at Buffadero where we bought live chickens and eggs. This town is memorable mostly because it has a complete lighthouse in which they have forgotten to put any lantern! The natives came off in dug-outs begging for medicines mistaking us for the yacht *Fair Weather*, belonging to "Pappy" Allen, a great-hearted American who pays back for the beauty he finds along this coast with generous care for the Indians. Many of the small coastal places like Buffadero are fifteen or more hours away from the nearest town over mountainous burro trails, so what Allen brings is indeed precious.

We were now well towards Manzanillo. The skipper aboard one of the accompanying yachts was a fine trumpet player and we swept into Santiago Bay to the strains of hot brass music, mellow over the water. Manzanillo is a large commercial port, the largest on the Mexican Pacific coast. It is also a base from which Naval Patrol vessels control the U. S. Tuna Boats. A 90-day fishing license costs 1,000 American dollars, so competition is fierce. These boats use radar, D. F. apparatus, seaplanes and helicopters and all modern echo-sounding devices in order to keep ahead of their rivals. They do better than fifteen knots, and up to a year ago there was open war between rival boats, patrol vessels and poachers. The radio air is full of their breezy ship-to-ship talk: "Hello, Joe. How's every little thing with you, Joe?... that

it happened in Mexico

THE FABLE OF THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

A large chain in the States, known for its organizational ability, notorious for its efficiency, famous for its long line of successes against notable odds, bought into a well-known and long-established house here in Mexico.

They knew the local establishment was out of keeping with their general practices; and especially the large, old, dilapidated kitchen that had somehow inexplicably been supplying the food for a restaurant enjoying high prestige and an immense clientele. But its disorganization was such that obviously it called for an expert.

And so, a big, capable, determined expert was shipped down from the Windy City. He came in with a flourish. He had zip, vim and vigor, and was foaming at the bits over the fact that the home office had chosen him, and only him, for this difficult situation.

Some of the employees were kneading dough in that old kitchen when the expert was ushered in. And they didn't take too kindly to anybody, especially an outsider, telling them how to run their kitchen. The battle started very quietly, with an equal determination on both sides. And the fact that the expert didn't speak Spanish added considerable interest to the moves. The old employees who spoke English had a gradual but persistent relapse, to where at first they began to forget how to speak English and before you knew it they had accomplished the remarkable feat, in a matter of weeks, of not even understanding clearly spoken, sometimes shouted, clenched-teethed-English in

slow, clearly enunciated Midwestern style, a style noted for its clarity. The battle was on in earnest.

The morning cook made waffle batter in a large, open-faced copper kettle which was at least a yard across. In making his famous waffles he added a certain amount of brown sugar to each batch to give it a particularly tangy flavor. On one occasion Mr. Throckmorton, the expert, happened to be coming by and stopped to observe the waffle-making procedure. On seeing the brown sugar added, the expert quietly but firmly informed the cook that his company was very sensitive to unnecessary costs and furthermore that in Chicago in the general offices they did not consider it necessary to add brown sugar to waffle batter to make good, saleable waffles, and would the cook please, in the future, refrain from this unnecessary expense.

The cook took the quiet reprimand, and just as quietly said. "Sí, señor." Then on two more occasions, Throckmorton caught the cook doing the same thing; and each time more strongly and more loudly reprimanded him, to a degree such that surely nothing more would have to be said about the matter.

When for the third time Mr. Throckmorton caught the cook once more making waffles as usual, he jumped up on the ceiling and circled it a couple of times as if his hair were on fire. Then he jumped down off the ceiling and grabbed the big copper kettle with both hands and with a mighty heave he tumped it over, the



Drawing by Dunham

golden batter running all over the kitchen floor. The cook stood open-mouthed while Throckmorton was open-mouthed, too, but with a flood of unprintable adjectives and descriptive nouns gushing from his throat, and both clenched fists, first one and then another, were working like pistons, shaking in the face of the cook, standing there just looking, as surprised as anything.

At this moment a bakery deliveryman came through the entrance door with an arm-load of bread. Mr. Throckmorton, the expert, had been told to look for and report, and if possible destroy, all shenanigans between local trades people and employees of the company. There were on the shelf plenty of loaves and it was most emphatically obvious, therefore, that the kitchen did not need more bread. Clearly this was a case of collusion against company interests and certainly an opportunity for Mr. Throckmorton to illustrate dramatically his efficiency and determination.

With three large, leaping strides Mr. Throckmorton was in the midst of the deliveryman and his wares. Waving

his arms, red in the face, he shouted: "We don't need any bread! We don't want any bread! Why, why are you bringing us more?"

The deliveryman was so startled that though trying to explain he couldn't get his mouth out of a perch-like pucker. Throckmorton began grabbing the loaves from the top of the heap the deliveryman was carrying, and flung them in all directions, shouting more fiercely all the while, "We don't need any bread! We don't need any bread!"

The cellophane wrappers of the loaves broke under stress and the sliced bread in the air looked like an invasion of flying saucers. The deliveryman was so paralyzed with astonishment that he made no attempt to run or hide from Mr. Throckmorton's attack. He could only shout, over and over, in a tearful voice, "No, no, no, Meester!"

With both men shouting and the bread flying everywhere there was pure and undiluted bedlam, and just as the expert hit the bottom of the pile of loaves, the deliveryman finally got his message across. "Meeester, I were not branging no loaves to sell. I were branging to exchange for the old bread."

I had to leave just then, having my own business to attend to, so I have no eye-witness details as to Act III. All I know is that Mr. Throckmorton is not with us any more.

Out where I was raised in Texas they would say he had been hooked, cut and tied. In today's language, what is said is that he had an emotional breakdown, a complete one, I might add. It was rumored that the company was giving Mr. Throckmorton a six months vacation in order to regain his senses. Some of his friends who accompanied him to the train to return to Chicago reported that they were not sure he had recognized them.

Uncle Richie



PACIFIC CRUISE

(Cont'd from p. 20)

so?... Better luck next time, Joe..."

In Manzanillo harbor the shrill skirl of bo'suns pipes from the Navy filled the air; pelicans sat in sordid, seedy rows upon paint floats. We could see busses tearing along the road ashore, and an assortment of adobe huts, tin-roofed shacks, thorn trees and stunted palms that rose to the tree-tufted horizon. This impression was dispelled as we stepped off the Naval pier and wandered into the town.

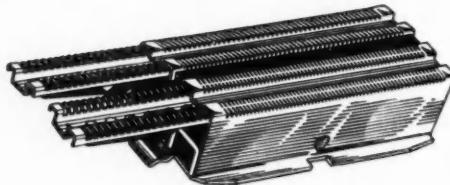
Everything hides round the corner in Manzanillo. The town is tucked down behind the lighthoused cliffs, the houses behind the warehouses, the lagoon behind the suburbs, and Santiago hides round the sweep of the bay. Beauty is not easily apparent, but it is worth the hunt.

At dawn next day the place really showed its beauty. A thin crescent moon rode the lightening sky. Ashore

lights still specked the darkness, while the new flush of day touched the fringe of huts along the skyline. The water vibrated with flakes of orange and black and the sky was now a duck's egg blue. There was a smell of wood smoke off the shore, and on one of the Navy ships a blacksmith beat an anvil, which only underlined the peace of the town.

The shipping agent, Señor Carreaga, took us round in his car. He staged a terrific party that night and showed us his pet project, a new housing scheme, built around five beautiful bays, the same from which the Spaniards launched their fleet which conquered the Philippines. Fishing, bathing, breath-taking beauty. If I were retiring...

We put to sea straight after the party and the mainsail never went up so quickly! You can reach Manzanillo by rail or plane, but the sea is the best approach for it starts in disappointment and ends in delight.



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Northwards the coast really begins to disclose its gems. Chamela, Ylapa, Natividad; a sequence of white sandy horseshoe beaches, mysterious lagoons, dotted with birds of every kind, and blow-holes in the rocks, spouting silver spray with each breaker. At sea we saw schools of whales, giant Manta Rays which leap from the water to stun their prey, flocks of amorous *tortugas* looking slightly embarrassed, and nests of little pine-covered islands, like the lochs of Scotland. We even saw a snow white shark, echo of Moby Dick's white whale. Through the glasses, we saw on shore grass-covered mounds that looked like, and probably were, pyramids. A tip: if you're cruising northabouts, save your spare time for this unexplored coast between Manzanillo and Cape Corrientes.

We ran into a blow here. Steep, wind-lashed seas swept the deck and we sprang a leak. The pumps jammed with wood chips left there by the shipwrights. All hands turned to form a bailing-bucket chain. At the height of the excitement the main halyard parted and hundreds of square feet of iron-stiff, water-logged canvas came lashing to the deck as the mainsail ran down the mast. The engine held and we just rounded the Cape under power.

Clearly the discomfort of wet bunks below was designed to heighten the

splendor of the first sight of Puerto Vallarta. With color-wash houses, rising in terraces from the beach to the crucifix-crowned conical hills behind, this little town on Banderas Bay looked like a Mediterranean dream. Once ashore the tropical aspect took the ascendancy but nothing afterwards dispelled that first breathtaking, sunset glimpse. From the comfort of the Hotel Rosita, right on the beach in its own private palm grove, to the cleanliness of the streets, swept daily by the school-children after class, we relished this place.

A fiesta was staged in the town that night with dancing and processions. The grand finale was a huge fish, filled with exploding firecrackers, lowered from the roof of the church into the plaza. And by day, the South Seas pictures of Gauguin came to life before your eyes as the women washed themselves inside palm frond lean-tos in the rocky, swift-running river.

Whole families went out to bathe together and later to eat a feast of fish or abalones along the string of bays perched precariously between jungle and sea. And it was in Puerto Vallarta that I saw something surely unique. The arrest and imprisonment of a pig! There is a law against their presence in the plaza. All trespassers are lassoed by the police and dragged squealing to jail till the owner pays his fine. After which the prison guard, rifle slung across his back, leaned in the open doorway... knitting!

The yachts parted company here; the American boats to go on to the States, while ours, the *Tropic Bird*, returned to her home port, Acapulco, in one surging passage. This is a coast to dream about and then wake up and find your dream come true.

Toby Joysmith



Quote Worth Remembering

"We believe that in every moment, even the most trying, we must maintain a live faith in the capacity of man to find peaceful solutions to present and future international problems."

ADOLFO RUIZ CORTINES
PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

in his Annual Report to Congress on September 1, 1955.

This advertisement is sponsored as a public service by Cia. Eléctrica de Tampico, S. A.

YALALAG

(Continued from page 18)

every home. Flanked by candles, they are heaped with a variety of food, mole dishes, tortillas, *frijoles*, pastry, fruit, coffee, beer and wine. Families make a special effort to provide dishes which were particularly favored by their departed kinsmen.

In Yalalag the day has developed into a particularly important occasion. Consequently we thought ourselves fortunate when asked to join two resident *Oaxaqueños* who were planning to visit Yalalag then.

As the lemon yellow dawn broke we left Oaxaca for Yalalag in an open, apparently springless truck. Twice each week the truck serves a route which runs eighty miles east to Oaxaca City through the Sierra Juárez. The road climbs upward into the mountains a mile above Oaxaca and consists largely of boulders, logs, ruts and washouts. There were compensations, however; the unforgettable acres of marigolds on the lower mountain-sides, wild orchids festooning the trees, a clear cold view of Orizaba far to the northeast, and as we reached the summit of the sierra the clean, pungent odor of the evergreen forests.

The road terminated at a cabin and a line of hitching racks. This was Las Puertas, literally a doorway and a busy trans-shipping point. At Las Puertas the lowland products are transferred from truck to burro, horses, or carried in packs over a network of mountain trails to the villages of the sierras. Here we met guides arranged for at a village lower down. Unregretfully we abandoned the truck and began hiking southeast.

Thick stands of pine and gnarled, red barked *madróño* trees blocked the fading sunlight, but the shadows were brightened by satiny scarlet flowers

and other mountain blooms, strange to us. As we walked we startled a flock of parrots who flew off screaming raucously. We passed no signs of habitation until long after dark when we reached the village of San Miguel. It is a lonely, dark little place, but the secretary of the village found rooms for us in the house of the priest.

2

dicular streets are hard worn dirt or the roughest of cobble. The only sizeable level area is the central plaza, around which are the church, Municipal Palace and market.

Two *norteamericanos* suddenly appearing in this remote village obviously constituted a most unusual occurrence. We were greeted by the town president and escorted to the veranda of the Municipal Palace. All of Yalalag turned out to stare, but curiosity did not detract from hospitality. Providing for our comfort and entertainment became a community project, and to be made welcome in this way and "taken into the family," so to speak, was a most uncommon experience.

By certain standards Yalalag is a primitive, poverty-ridden community and the life of the villagers would appear almost unendurably difficult.

Yet once knowing them, it is impossible to think of the villagers of Yalalag as underprivileged. They do not consider themselves wanting and they are not. The Zapotecs have the dignity and good will of a secure people, the enjoyment for life of a happy people. There is here a manner of living which it is not difficult to envy.

The enduring continuity of life in Yalalag is keenly felt on All Souls' Day. In good spirits the villagers share fiesta with those who have died before them. It is a happy occasion, without pity for the visitors who no longer live. The souls who come to Yalalag are felt to be still very much part of the village, though of a different station, and so there is neither fear nor mourning, but instead, a celebration something like a Thanksgiving, and the goodness of food, drink, flowers and music shared with the living and the dead.

Bil Gilbert
Glen Echo, Maryland



Do-it-yourself

HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE DEAD

It's a common belief in Mexico that on the nights of All Souls' and All Saints' (Oct. 31 and Nov. 1) the dead come back, but not to haunt. It's a social and family call.

Since Emily Post has not given this occasion her attention, we felt our readers would appreciate knowing how to carry it off successfully, as naturally, if your ghosts come expecting a party and find the lights out and the

"Buy Your Dead Men's Bread Here," and all candy-stores have frosted sugar skulls, coffins, skeletons, funerals in chocolate, and other dainties carrying out the general motif of personal attention to the tastes of ghosts.

On the last night of October, you set a table in the form of an altar, candle-lighted and decorated with orange marigolds, this being the favorite flower of the dead. This altar



party with whatever the "little dead ones" left.

Next you pack a basket and go have a picnic on the grave or graves of your departed. You take food, drink, candles, flowers, and your guitar, and spend the day. If this performance sounds gruesome or irreverent, it's only because you have supposed that departed ones want to be treated solemnly; whereas in Mexico it is assumed that they would rather eat, drink, and be merry, like anybody else.

That night, the party continues at home. (No celebration that does not last at least two days, and preferably a week, is considered anything but a frost, here.) The altar-table is set this time, for the adult ghosts. A good substantial supper — bread, chocolate, pumpkin, tamales, everything that they might relish; which next morning, makes another feast for the members of the family who happen still to be alive.

It may of course be a bit impractical to carry out the entire procedure, in places outside of Mexico. A picnic on a tomb, complete with fireworks and guitar, may have your neighbors in an uproar, calling in the ambulances. Still, one could always say that one thought it was the Fourth of July.



cupboard bare, they get peevish and may play tricks on you the coming year. Who knows but what that illness or other bad luck you might have had in 1955, wasn't due to your Aunt Carrie feeling slighted?

In Mexico, they have this thing down to the last detail. During the latter half of October, the pastry-shops, toy-stores and bakeries are well stocked with the special delicacies that the dead relish. Most bakeries have a sign

is for the children, and so you put, along with staples like sweet bread and baked pumpkin, toys such as sugar bones that rattle, funeral processions that move gaily, etc. In the morning, the live children have their



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Food and friendship have a happy way of going together: one tends to produce the other, and this has been going on for some time now between the United States and Mexico. Without benefit of visa or tourist permit, food favorites have jumped across the border, with both countries adopting dish and title as part of their own culture.

Beginning in Texas and California, Mexico's *barbacoa*, anglicized to barbecue, took the U. S. without a fight. Tamales, enchiladas and tortillas are no longer italicized in Stateside cookbooks. And Mexico's nippy *guacamole* has become a favorite cocktail dip from Portland to New York.

Spheres of influence have overlapped in both directions, however, and Mexico has acquired a taste for U. S. specialties, along with corresponding additions to local vocabulary. Hamburgers have become *hamburguesas*; hot dogs, while pronounced with a guttural throatiness, usually keep their spelling, though occasionally an ardent patriot will dub them *perros calientes*. Hot cakes and waffles have acquired devoted followers, so much so that the former are often sold from tiny carts in village fairs, and a local restaurant has built quite a name for itself selling the latter in variations from pecan-filled to chocolate.

The snack field is where the U. S. has made its biggest inroads, not only in hot dogs and hamburgers, but also in popcorn, potato chips, flavored chewing gum and — to a vast extent — soft drinks and ice cream.

You can find a lot of this around and it's good.

Particularly for ice cream lovers, Mexico City is a wonderful town. Its offerings run the gamut from cones of chipped ice soaked in aniline color syrups, in neighborhood plazas and markets, to elegant frozen creams and custards with exotic and exciting flavors. Almost everybody's favorite is *Chantilly*, which takes its name from France's pet product of the cow, and its sanitation standards from Stateside practices.

What we like to do Sunday afternoons is hunt up a *Chantilly* outlet and sample conesfuls of flavor after flavor until we've eaten about five more than we'd ever dreamed we could. For adventuresome sampling, we recommend coconut, coffee, *cajeta* (a sort of butterscotch-caramel), or *mamey* (a crimson-fleshed tropical fruit) ice creams; tart and smooth apricot sherbet; or special European-style luxuries like cream-filled mango or *mamey* halves, Italian cassata, and biscuit *tortoni*.

Snack spots — see listing in Our Own Directory.

M. L.

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Our own Directory

SNACKS

Café Viena, Plaza Popocatépetl 35. Viennese cooking, which snackwise means black coffee with mounds of whipped cream, and a fabulous assortment of pastries.

Chantilly ice cream stores — scattered throughout the city, with the factory and an outdoor ice cream bar at Insurgentes 504. See Knife and Fork for flavor recommendations.

El Capitán, Av. Newton in Polanco. Hamburgers, barbecued beef and pork sandwiches, chile con carne, malts; Texas style.

Hamburger Heaven, Oaxaca 33. Medium sized and jumbo hamburgers, scrambled eggs, coffee, doughnuts — that's the whole menu.

Konditori, Génova 63. Danish open-faced sandwiches, pastries, coffee cakes and notable coffee.

Sanborn's, Reforma and Lafragua or Madero 4. Depending on whether or not we're dieting, we choose fruit plate (6 to 8 fresh tropical fruits with cottage cheese or sherbet), Welsh rabbit chicken sandwich, strawberry shortcake, or ice cream cake roll with fudge sauce.

Shirley Courts, Villalongin 139. Hamburgers, cheeseburgers, thick malts and banana cream pie taste like home.

Vendome, Reforma 92. For dieting with pleasure: mixed vegetable salad, an assortment of perfectly cooked and served vegetables. For sprees: nut or chocolate waffles with whipped cream and honey.

STOPS

Tehuantepec: *Hotel Tehuantepec* has lush gardens, a swimming pool and good food for 14 pesos up, European plan.

Puerto Vallarta: *El Paraíso* on a hill overlooking the sea runs from 30 pesos, American plan. *El Rosita*, in a palm grove on the beach, has Mexican food for 20 pesos up, American plan.

Manzanillo: *Playa Santiago* on the nearby beach of the same name has delicious seafood and pleasant rooms for 25 pesos up.

Zihuatanejo: *Hotel Belmar* provides enormous lobsters, mosquito nets, and good service for around 15 pesos a day.

(Editor's note: Listings are made for the benefit of our readers and are not ads. All ads are clearly indicated as such.)

INFORMATION SERVICES

A. M. A. (Asociación Mexicana Automovilística), Berlín 6. Affiliated with the A. A. A. Reciprocal courtesies to members. In case of emergency, call 35-27-35.

American Embassy, Reforma and Lafragua. Tel. 35-95-00.

American Society, Lucerna 71. Tel. 36-35-60 or 36-56-88.

A. N. A. (Asociación Nacional Automovilística), Sullivan 51. Affiliated with A. A. A. Services both to members and non-members. Emergency phone number: 35-03-43.

Benjamin Franklin Library, Niza 53.

Mexico City Daily Bulletin. Gómez Farias 41. Tel. 16-69-60. General tourist information.

Mexican-North American Cultural Institute, Hamburgo 113. Tel. 14-04-77.

National Tourist Department, Juárez 89. General travel information.

PEMEX Travel Club, Juárez 89. Highway information. Publishes an excellent auto travel bulletin in English.

NIGHT SPOTS



Mexico inherits its late hours from Spain. In Madrid it's hard to trip the fandango-fantastic before midnight. And here the time-pressed visitor, who dines at eight and then wants to put on his dancing shoes, may be miffed unless he goes to a tourist trap. The best *boîtes* start to jump around 2 am.

One solution is to go to a Spanish joint and absorb your leisurely floor-show with your *paella*. If you can tear yourself away from the flamenco at Cinderella's hour, your feet will carry the castanet rhythm into a fox trot or even the alien mambo.

El Patio, Atenas 9, is Hollywood Spanish (and Moorish). Recently they had the true gypsy note of Carmen Amaya. But standard Mexican dances are about as authentic, and just as glamorous, as a similar number would be at New York's Versailles.

El Rincón de Goya, Toledo 4, on the other hand, is quite genuine — on a lower, *gitano* level. You can't dance but you can eat your way from an Andalusian soup to a Catalán desert — with a bottle of dry *riojo* and a snifter of Fundador or Ojen for mealcap — to the click of castanets and the tring-tring of guitars, and that gut-rending yelp, borrowed from the muezzin, which is the flamenco keynote.

While you dine, gypsy dancers will snake around your table, guitarists will serenade you with Iberian and Jalisco rhythms, and a Spanish crooner will render those high notes.

If you leave before midnight, the place to spend the intervening hours is *La Bodega*, a Spanish cellar on González Street, where you can learn to drink wine a yard from your face, and where the flamenco — since it caters to Spanish refugees — is as honest as you'll find it this side of Seville. D. D.

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In the Shops

Leather takes exciting shapes in Mexico — shapes, for example, like brief play shorts (in pale pink!) or neat little vests, or coats in every length from full to high riding boleros. During the more than five years that these leather fashions have been increasing in popularity, some excellent designers have come into the field. This year, you can still find the classic beige leather coat in men's or women's styles — but you can also find, and in greater abundance, high style design in rainbow colors.

We found ourselves nodding favorably this month at a close-fitting Oxford gray jacket in washable leather, the sleeves three-quarters length, the jacket itself double-breasted and reaching just a bit below the waist. We saw a lilac jacket severely H in line and snugly belted across the back at proper mid-derriere position. New and nice, too, are sweater-jackets in wool knits with washable leather or suede panels, bodices or trim.

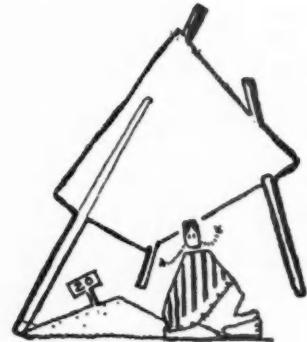
In both suede and washable leather, the whole skin is sliced horizontally to make thinner, less bulky material. Top grain, of course, is not only more durable but also freer of imperfections and less likely to stretch. Inexpensive suede coats are made from the inside leather, and the difference will show up in a few wearings. Dyeing, too, affects price: perfect skins for more expensive coats are soaked in dye until the skin is permeated. Cheaper process-

es spray imperfect skins with less expensive dyes, then carefully buff the skins to hide blemishes.

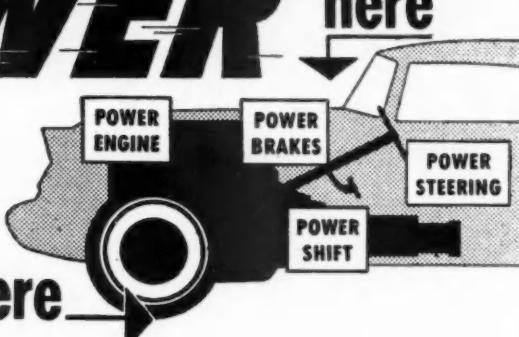
As yet, no Mexican firm has made use of the newly-discovered finishing process for suede that makes it dry-cleanable without special care. But local washable leather is truly washable, and dirt or spots can be wiped off with a damp cloth, plus mild soap if necessary.

The price range in leather fashions is as great as the range in quality, and the old rule applies: an established firm of good reputation charges more, but puts most of the difference into better quality raw materials, dyes, and workmanship. Thus you can buy a leather jacket for as little as 10 to 12 dollars, or you can pay 30 to 40 dollars (or more) for exquisite jackets and coats of prime skins, permanently dyed and beautifully cut and finished.

Leather shops are everywhere, and you're free to shop around. Two we know are good and can recommend as both expert and reliable are Aries, at the entrance to the Hotel del Prado, and Fournier y Pani, Gante 8. M. L.



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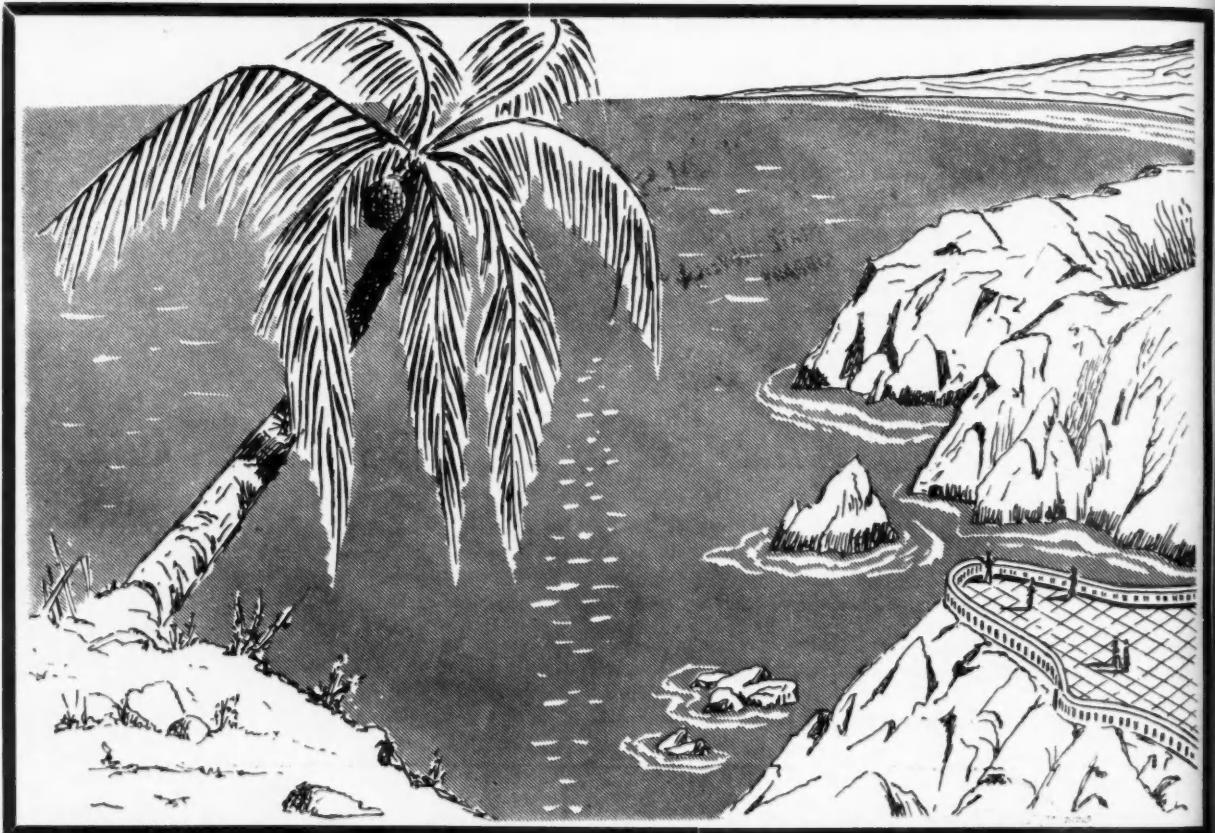
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